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ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Congress

We are authorized to announce
HON. J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District,
subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

We are authorized to announce
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,
of Hopkins county, as a candidate
for Congress from the Second district,
subject to action of the democratic
primary August, 1914.

SATURDAY JULY 18

Lassen Peak is still in eruption,
but Huerta has quieted down.

Black rust reports from Minnesota
and Dakota caused a slight rally in
wheat at Chicago Wednesday, July
wheat closing at 78 1/2 cents.

Mayor Buschmeyer has appointed
G. W. Wetterer, secretary of the
Louisville Trust Co., controller to
succeed S. M. White, the defaulter.

W. P. Thorne, Jr., formerly of
Eminence, has landed a comfortable
berth as a California postmaster,
where the salary attached is a
reasonably good one.

The skeleton of a gigantic ox, es-
timated to be 150,000 years old, has
been unearthed near Los Angeles,
Cal., by Frank S. Leggett, director
of the County Museum from the
Pleocene deposit of the famous tar
pits of La Brea.

Only the bloodthirstiness of the
Constitutionalists now stands be-
tween Mexico and peace, Carbajal,
the successor of Huerta, is a judge
and not a soldier. He will seek to
arrange for the peaceful transfer of
the government to Carranza with
certain guarantees of general am-
nesty and the protection of property.

Two militant suffragettes Wed-
nesday made a violent attack on the
Rt. Hon. Thomas McKinnon Wood,
secretary of the State for Scotland,
as he was leaving his residence.
The women were armed with heavy
horsewhips with which they struck
Mr. Wood several times across the
shoulders. They were both arrested.

Secretary Bryan has outlined to
the senate foreign relations com-
mittee, the general plan of his new
peace treaties, had announced he
would submit seventeen, already
signed for ratification next week.
There will be twenty in all. One
with Uruguay has been signed and
three others Bryan expects to be
signed Monday.

The Lea-Stahlman controversy in
Nashville has reached a white heat.
Col. E. B. Stahlman in the Banner
openly charges Senator Lea with
grafting and with having accepted
\$10,000 each from the judiciary
committee and Republican campaign
funds in the Tennessee deal. Wed-
nesday Senator Lea denounced Col.
Stahlman on the floor of the Senate,
under a question of personal privi-
lege.

Rev. J. D. Gwaltney in resigning
the pastorate of the Central Baptist
church, at Winchester, gave out an
interview in which he said, "This is
the worst age in the history of the
world." There is not much patience
anywhere for the pessimist who
wears nothing but blue goggles. We
commend to Bro. Gwaltney the verse:
"Two men looked through prison
bars,
One saw mud, the other saw stars,
In this alone the reason's found,
One looked up and the other looked
down."
God pity the man who is not satis-

KITTY'S LUCKY DAY

By CLAUD GERVAISE.

Kitty Sanders kept the bellboy
waiting a full four minutes while
she deliberated over the hastily writ-
ten note which he had brought her.
Considering the heat of the stuffy
little hotel bedroom, the invitation
it contained was doubly alluring.

"Don't you want a breath of coun-
try air?" it read. "I know where we
can get lots of it and a good country
dinner, too. Please come, won't you?
Yours most hopefully, Jimmie Du-
lin."

The bellboy was moving about un-
easily. He had been standing at
least five minutes now and it seemed
to him that the pretty young girl
with the very black hair and the very
blue eyes was slow of decision. Sud-
denly, however, she spoke.

"You can tell Mr. Dulin that I'll
be down in the hotel office in a quar-
ter of an hour," she said, and then
she fairly shoved the small messen-
ger out of the room for fear that
she would change her mind.

For she couldn't help owning that
what she was about to do was a
rather unconventional thing, this go-
ing for a jaunt into the country with
a man to whom she had never been
formally introduced. And the fact
that she had been in vaudeville for
some four years and had never be-
fore dreamed of accepting an invita-
tion from a traveling man she did
not know did not make it any the
easier.

She argued with herself all the
time that she was arranging her
hair and hat. It was different this
time. Jimmie Dulin had been "mak-
ing" the same towns with her for
over six months now. Again and
again she had seen him on the
streets run across him in hotel of-
fices. In fact, she had even picked
him out in various audiences when
the theater was sufficiently empty to
allow of easy recognition of friends.

He was standing by the desk wait-
ing for her and he held out his hand
in cordial greeting.

"I'm awfully glad that you'd
come," he said. "I thought at lunch-
time you looked as though a taste of
the country would agree with you
mightily. But it took me some hours
to get my nerve to the asking point."

Kitty laughed happily, and re-
turned his confidence promptly.

"Same here, Mr. Dulin. It took
me some minutes to set my nerves
to the accepting point. But I was
so dreadfully lonesome that my
scruples just seemed to vanish away."

Jimmie Dulin nodded understand-
ingly. "I know how you feel, and
lonesomeness isn't any fun. The
queer part of it is that you don't
get over it with the years. How long
have you been trouping it?" he
asked.

"About four years. I went into
the work because singing and dan-
cing were the easiest things that I
did, and I have stayed in it because
they are the only things that I can
make any money at. Of course, it's
worse some times than others. Often
I have friends playing on the same
bill with me, or, again, there are nice
people with whom I get acquainted.
For the last four weeks, though, it's
been just dreadful.

They talked on, one subject lead-
ing naturally enough to another.
Jimmie Dulin seemed in a most con-
fidential frame of mind, and Kitty
was an absorbed listener.

"You know I am not going to
keep at this sort of wandering much
longer. At the end of this year I'm
through with it all, and it's the quiet
business life in some small town for
me."

"What are you going to do?"
They had come to a small cottage
now. It was all white and green and
stood back from the walk.

"Why, I am going to build some
such place as this and run a retail
store in some such town as this." He
stopped short. "This is where we
are going to get that home-cooked
country dinner I promised you. A
distant relative of mine lives here
and her home is always open to me
and my friends whenever I am in
this town."

The woman that answered the
doorbell had such a merry pair of
eyes and such an all-embracing smile
of welcome that Kitty felt at home
at once.

"You folks are a little early for
that fried chicken you smell," she
laughed. "But just make yourselves
comfortable out on that side porch
till the gravy gets mixed and the cof-
fee boils."

At dinner it was the aunt who was
the mirth of the occasion. She was
a woman long past fifty, but her
laughter was as contagious as that
of a girl's and the reminiscences she
told of Jimmie's boyhood made
Kitty feel as though she were already
an old-time friend.

"It's awfully lucky that I don't
have the chance to eat like this ev-
ery day," said Kitty as she finished
her last of her cherry pie and shook
her head reluctantly over the impos-
sibility of devouring the other piece
left on the plate. "I would have to
live up singing and dancing for a
living."

Afterward Kitty insisted on help-
ing with the dishes, and as Jimmie
announced that he was going to be
her side partner, the aunt was forced
to retire to the porch.

"My, but you sure do look a pic-
ture in that pink apron," Jimmie ex-
claimed ardently. He was plainly
so absorbed in Kitty to be of much
practical help to her.

"Is it more becoming than my
dancing dress?" she asked.

"A thousand times so! Why I
could just—"

But what he could have done was
never told. A crash of a huge platter
interrupted. Kitty had dropped the
dish she had in her hands, and
chicken and gravy and potatoes all
fell on the immaculately scrubbed
floor, a broken platter on top of
them.

"Say—don't you worry over all
that," Jimmie said for the hun-
dredth time. The damage had been
repaired to the best of their ability,
and they were watching the sun go
down over the wide stretch of hills
at the side of the house.

"But I am going to send your
aunt another platter. I have taken a
piece with me and I am going to
have one made if I cannot get a
similar one."

"Now, don't be silly," protested
Jimmie, vigorously.

"But I am."

"Now, listen to me," Jimmie made
a desperate effort at quietness of
manner.

"You see, it doesn't make as much
difference as you think. This house
is mine and not my aunt's, and ev-
erything that's in it belongs to me."

"Your house?" Kitty's question
was almost a gasp.

"Sure it's mine. So you have
nothing at all to worry you, and I
hardly think that it's up to you to
re-furnish my establishment even if
a trifling accident did happen when
I had invited you to dinner."

"But I don't understand how it's
all yours and furnished so beauti-
fully."

"Do you think it is beautiful?"
he asked her eagerly.

"Yes, of course it's very beautiful
and lovely—but I just don't under-
stand," she repeated.

His face grew serious.

"Well, you see," he said slowly. "I
was to have been married a year ago
this time. I had the house all ready
and everything in apple-pie order.
Then the very day before the wed-
ding the girl came down with fever
—over-exhaustion and strain—and
she died in a few days. The house
has never been used, and as it seemed
too bad to have it stand idle I told
my aunt to come here and use it till
I wanted it again. Now, since I
have seen—"

But he was interrupted a second
time. His aunt had joined them on
the porch.

"Now you are both of you to come
back here tomorrow evening for din-
ner at the same time," she said, in
a tone that admitted of no disputing.
"For I am going to be very hurt if
Jimmie doesn't give me more of his
time the rest of the week, and I
know Miss Sanders will bring him
here if he won't come of his own
accord."

Jimmie turned to Kitty. "Will
you come tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'd love to," she responded
promptly.

"Tomorrow at five, then."

"We'll be here on the dot of the
hour," laughed Jimmie happily, and
Kitty nodded her assent as they ran
down the broad cottage steps and
started to take the road which led
back to town.

"She's a dear girl," said the aunt
to herself, as she stood watching the
two disappear around the turn in
the road a half-mile beyond. Her
eyes had a smile of understanding in
them. "Jimmie deserves to be happy
after all his disappointments, and I
hope he gets her and brings her
here right soon."

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Church, State and Poor.

A book on "The Church, the State
and the Poor" has been written by an
English vicar. The book is compre-
hensive, tracing the subject of pre-
formation days. The author regrets
that during the growth of collectivism,
under which he classifies what is
called "Christian socialism," the
church has trusted too much to the
state to better the conditions among
the poor. Now there is a revival of
interest in the welfare of the poor on
the part of the church. The writer's
contention is that a firm belief in the
Christian creed is the only inspiration
and guide to any effort to solve "the
social problem."

Too Much for Him.

A colored porter for a local druggist
was told to go to another pharmacy to
get some cinchifago rasemones. He
stood, open-mouthed, and gazed at his
"boss," then asked: "Ain't thar any
other name for dat?"

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